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THE NEW YORK WORLD

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Circulation Books Always Open.

FIGHTING FOR THE TRUSTS.

Senator REAGAN, of Texas, is after the Trusts in earnest. His bill to render Trusts illegal has been prepared with care. It defines what a "Trust" is, and makes the penalty for joining such a lawless combination punishable by a fine of from \$1,000 to \$10,000, and imprisonment from one to five years, at the discretion of the Court.

Of course, on the introduction of the bill, the Republican leaders sprang up from behind the monopolist breastworks, musket in hand, to obstruct and defeat it. Senator SHERMAN promptly moved its reference to the Finance Committee, instead of to the Judiciary Committee, where it belongs, and where Senator REAGAN desired it should go. The faithful Senatorial agents of monopolies stood by SHERMAN, and the bill was sent to the Finance Committee. There it will be smothered by Mr. SHERMAN and his allies.

How long will the people patiently endure this Senatorial subservience to the interests of the infamous and tyrannical "Trusts," which are the new and growing peril of the nation?

THE SACRED HEART CONVENT.

The destruction by fire of the Convent of the Sacred Heart caused much excitement in the city, and widespread sympathy was felt for the Sisters in their trouble. The institution is a favorite with the people of New York, and its influence as an educational institution has made its mark in hundreds of New York homes. There will be no difficulty about the replacement of the building so far as money is concerned. Everybody will be glad to contribute towards its speedy restoration.

But the new building must be fireproof, and arrangements must be made for securing an ample supply of water in case of fire. The rapid destruction of the old building and the difficulty experienced by the Fire Department in fighting the flames, teach a lesson which must not be disregarded. It is remarkable that the Convent, crowded as it is with inmates the greater portion of the year, should have been allowed to remain in such a perilous condition.

Let there be no danger of an appalling calamity in the structure by which the old Convent is to be succeeded.

THE POODLE'S GRAVE.

"Love me, love my dog," is an old saying, and one the sentiment of which is generally approved. The man who does not love a faithful dog is not to be trusted. Every woman does love her dog as a matter of course. It is an evidence of her gentler and kinder nature.

People may laugh at the mistress of the late Coby Bell, who now sleeps in peace, undisturbed by the growling of mastiff or the snapping of cur, in a two-hundred dollar lot in Woodlawn Cemetery. Many Gracians may insist that Coby's owner might better have expended the money it cost her for the funeral and the lot in charity to living human beings instead of in memory of a departed poodle. But let it be remembered that the man or woman who is attached to a faithful animal is always warm-hearted and benevolent. We have no doubt that Coby's bereaved mistress is full of good deeds for suffering humanity.

When Evans wrote the inscription for the monument of his Newfoundland dog—
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on! it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies—
people may have laughed at him as a misanthrope, but they honored his sentiment. Let no one sneer at the owner of the late Coby Bell, but give her credit for the affection which prompts what she has done in memory of the deceased poodle.

The Board of Electrical Control is resolved to hold Commissioner NEWTON up to his duty in removing the dead and dangerous

electrical wires from the streets. Yesterday the Board formally notified the Commissioner of the abandoned holes and wires which the Bureau of Incumbrances has been requested to remove. The Board also addressed a communication to the Aldermen, calling on them to aid in compelling the unwilling authorities to enforce the rules and regulations regarding these obstructions.

Many of the delegates to the new Know-Nothing Party's National Convention at Washington yesterday urged the endorsement of HARRISON and MORTON as the candidates of the convention. A strong opposition to this programme was manifested, and an adjournment until to-day took place. Mr. ABRAHAM S. HEWITT is the favorite candidate for President, but it is urged that he will not accept, as he prefers to run as the County Democratic nominee for Mayor of New York.

The city's credit is growing stronger and stronger under the capable and faithful financial management of Comptroller MYERS. Yesterday the proposals for \$1,100,000 of the city's consolidated bonds and stock at 3 per cent, exempt from local taxation, and having from nine to twenty years to run, reached nearly \$6,000,000, and were awarded at from 105 to 108. What city in the world can make a better showing than this?

Mr. BLAINE has reached Augusta in his "triumphal progress," and Mr. HARRISON, of Indiana, feels as if he was again a noticeable figure in the campaign. Yesterday with renewed energy he shook hands with 3,000 visitors in a single delegation.

The numerous friends of Mr. A. C. WHEELER, the brilliant critic and journalist, will sympathize with him in his family affliction. Mrs. WHEELER, his wife, who died last Monday, leaves two sons and a daughter living.

Dr. TALMAGE wants to make people believe he is a bigger man than HARRISON. He says he has shaken more than 50,000 hands during his summer jaunt.

WORLDLINGS.

Grandmother Heaton, of Virginia, Ill., is doubtless the only person living in the United States born in the famous Tower of London. She is eighty-one years old, and her parents were employed in the grimy prison when she was born.

The oldest woman in Maryland, Mrs. Sarah Robinson, died at Belair last week. She would have been one hundred years old next February. She never saw a railroad train or a steamboat, and died in the house she entered as a bride.

The old cabin once occupied by John W. Mackay, of bonanza fame, when he mined at Allegheny City from 1845 to 1850, is to be exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco. The pickaxe, shovel and rocker used by Mackay will also be exhibited.

The last soldier to return from the war is William Kennedy, who passed through Meade, Ga., a few days ago on his way back to the home of his childhood. At the time of Lee's surrender he was in service in Virginia, and when mustered out he married a young Virginia girl who had nursed him. This is his first visit to his Georgia home since he left it in 1861.

LOCAL POLITICS.

The friends of Gen. Spaulding say that he can have the Tammany Hall nomination for Congress. Jefferson M. Levy is being pressed for Congress by his Democratic friends. He withdrew for Gen. Spaulding in 1886.

Congressman Ashbel P. Fitch has resigned his membership in the Twenty-third Assembly District Republican organization. Mr. Fitch voted for the Mills bill. He says he favors, as Garfield, Arthur and Polier favored, a revision of the tariff and the reduction of the tax on necessities of life.

There is some talk of the Democrats renominating Mr. Fitch.

There will be music in several Congressional districts if there should be no union between Tammany Hall and the County Democracy.

Timothy J. Campbell says he will run for a third term on the County Democracy nomination, and rely upon his friends.

Ex-Senator Thomas F. Grady will orate for the Democracy during the campaign. He believes in tariff reform.

The Tammany Hall Committee on Organization will have a meeting next week.

Sheriff Grant continues to pledge his word of honor that he is not a candidate for the Mayoralty nomination. He goes further than this by saying that he would not accept the nomination.

Ex-Senator Gibbs is responding to the talk that Tammany Hall has its eye on De Lancey Nicolai for Mayor.

There are by actual count forty-one Cleveland and Thurman banners and sixteen Harrison and Morton banners in this city.

An Exciting Moment.

(From Life.)

"See it was like this: It was d'ny m'nt'ings an' 'ee side wuz thirty-two runs. Jimmy wuz at bat. He got on 'er Reddy's curve an' hit 'er ball 'at wuz out ter centre-field. Tommy Scully give 'er a jump fer it, but it went through his fingers an' we winned de game."

Newcomers at the Hotels.

Among this morning's arrivals at the Astor House are William E. Webster, of Providence, R. I.; Wm. Todd, of London, and H. Harper, of Philadelphia.

At the Hotel Brunswick are E. K. Whipple, of Cleveland, O., and W. F. Carleton, of Boston.

At the Hotel Marlborough are James H. Bradley, the founder of Ashbury Park, T. H. Ferguson, of Washington, and C. A. Coleman, of Boston.

Conspicuous at the St. James Hotel are Congressman Beriah Wilkins, of Ohio; H. B. Kimball, of Providence, R. I.; H. E. Howard, of Little Rock, Ark.; and R. E. Reese, of Portland, Ore.

Albany Hotel arrivals include James H. Bradley, the founder of Ashbury Park, T. H. Ferguson, of Washington, and C. A. Coleman, of Boston.

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JOKERS TO THE FRONT.

THERE IS STILL A CHANCE FOR AN ORIGINAL WIT TO WIN THAT \$25.



Drunk, by Jingo!

A physician of one of our prominent cities, who had arrived home in the wee sma' hours of the morning, having been enjoying himself with some convivial friends the night previous, received a rather urgent call from an aristocratic lady before of late time to recuperate from the effects of his night's lark. Nothing loath, however, he proceeded to obey the summons as best he could, in his semi-embowered condition, and proceeded to the mansion of his new client. Upon his arrival he was ushered into the presence of his patient, and proceeded to examine her condition in the customary manner of the medical fraternity by taking her pulse. But the task, under the circumstances, was an herculean one and a sad failure for the physician. He gave up his efforts in despair and departed from the sick-chamber in utter disgust and self-mortification, with the remark, "Drunk! By Jingo!" The next day he received a sweetly scented epistle and a check for \$25. The writer was his patient of yesterday, who begged him politely to accept the inclosure as a gift and say nothing more about the matter. WILLIAM A. HENRY, 300 Berry street, Brooklyn.

Preparations for a Fast.

Husband—I have concluded to fast for a week in order to see if I can't tone up my system.

Wife—How are you going about it?

H—I'm going to hire my meals at some one of our big hotels and have the report spread, so that the waiters will hear it, and I am violently opposed to this. HERMAN P. KUEHN, P. O. box 54, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Typographically Expressed.

The seven ages of man:

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th.

204 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street, New York City.

Three From Two.

In the *Editor of the Evening World*.
I enclose a card for the *World* for the competition.

461 East Twenty-first street.

He Shook It.

Rich Old Gent (to new servant)—John, bring me up a bottle of that old Burgundy.

John (retracing)—Yes, sir. (Comes back a few moments later with the desired bottle.)

Rich Old Gent (shaking the bottle vigorously)—Not yet, sir; but here it is.

They Were Brought Up on Wine.

Scene in a French restaurant. Three English swells at table:

First Englishman—Garçon! Bring me a bottle of Pommery, and do not forget to take the chill out of it.

Second Englishman—I think I will have some Hungarian. Garçon! Bring me a pint of Tokay.

Third Englishman—Well, dear boys, I see we are all taking our favorite wines. (With nonchalance) Garçon! Ah! Let me have some Chateau Lafite, and uncork it with care.

Fifteen minutes later the three swells could have been heard discussing the merits and vast superiority of their wine over the others, but it is probable they would not have done so had they heard the "Garçon" as he retired to the ordered clerk yell out in a raucous voice: "Three! Three! Three!"

But where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be a 'connoisseur.'
To.

Toe's Pocket Dictionary (Revised).
Paralyzed.—Inaction of the nerves, well known to tramp when in luck.

Nerve.—Small nerve of the human body, of great use to the book agent in general.

Skip.—A came easily learned, and greatly indulged in by bank cashiers.

Lightning.—Electric fluid, quite dangerous in Jersey.
To.

A Little Pan.
She gave herself a weigh when she placed a nickel in the slot. R. A. GREATHOUSE, 409 West Forty-sixth street.

He Made It Go.
A very seedy-looking tramp approached a gentleman on the street the other day, holding out a curious looking box with a slot on top large enough to let through a silver dollar, and said: "Say, boss, drop or nickel in der slot and see it go." The party addressed, wondering what new arrangement this was, dropped in a nickel. "Thanks, boss; now see it go," and he took to his heels.
C. TRULL.

A Few Small Ones.
What two words in French could express the language of an irate parent refusing his daughter's hand to a suitor? Answer—Ushant Havre (You shan't have her.)

I am studying for the law. Pray what cooked insect do I resemble? "Why, a stewed out student of course."

On Calling terms. Mrs. Riley—Are you on callin' terms wid our neighbor?
Mrs. Murphy—Ay course I am, Mrs. Riley. She called me a thafe and I called her another.

One on the Bartender.
I knew a man who for cunning could not be beaten. He liked his toddy. So in order to get his liquor free gratis, he takes two bottles just alike and fills one with water, and leaves the other empty. He gets the bottle of toddy filled with water, and puts it in the same pocket with the water, and tells the bartender to "hang it up." The bartender says: "No, sir." All right, boss, returns the man, and hands the bartender the bottle of water and walks out, both being quite contented. And the bartender puts back the water into his decanter of gin. E. F. C. 97½ Linden street, Yonkers.

To J. G. B.
You have a remarkable wit, Blaine. Of junketing you've had your fill, Blaine. But this tip remember.
Regarding November, drop or nickel in der slot and see it go. Your party will then get a chill, Blaine.
J. MILLER.

199 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, City.

He Easy on the Crockery.
Mary asked the gentleman of the house if he would have a second cup of tea. "I'll take a half cup, if you please," he said.

Mary answers in a gentle tone that "we don't break our cups in this house."

EDWARD G. RAIN, 167 Madison avenue.

Nutlin's Remarkable.
Oscar (excitedly)—I say, Cholly, heard

about Will's bad fall? Swung his hammock too high and it threw him out. Hain't known a thing for over an hour.

Charles—Nutlin's remarkable. That's what I called Will his life.

Schaalburg, N. J. C. H. WELLS.

"A LEGAL WRECK."

Mr. Gillette's new comedy, entitled "A Legal Wreck," which was produced at the Madison Square Theatre last night, is rather an exaggerated piece of work, inasmuch as it deals in continual surprises and fails to make apparent the necessity or desirability of this shock system.

One moment Mr. Gillette tickles you into an ecstasy of comedy, while the next he takes you just as you are, all laughing and good humored, and plunges you into the depths of conventional melodrama. No sooner have you begun to howl with dolorous vehemence than the tickling process begins again. And so on through four acts.

I dislike to be surprised. I want to know to some extent what I may expect. I despise shocks to the system, and wild buffaloes couldn't drag me into a Turkish bath. "A Legal Wreck" is written upon the Turkish bath plan.

Mr. Gillette has done some very excellent work in his new play, and it stands out conspicuously from the less meritorious portions. Re-entrainingly happy in his leading comedy role, that of an attorney-at-law, who is easily accused of the place of hero, and who is yet selfish and thoroughly natural. The character of Richard Merriam, esq., is excellently drawn, and he loses much of his worth seeing for that alone. Merriam is not one of those disgustingly heroic creatures of the good-young-man-that-died style. You feel he might be alive to-day, and—well, you wouldn't mind meeting him.

The story of the play is by no means simple. Capt. Edward Smith, an old sea captain, has a ward, Edith Gray, and a son, Edward Smith. This son is a bold, but honest and brave fellow. So does Henry B. Leverett, "a yachting enthusiast." Leverett is caught in a terrific storm. Edith hears his boat bumping upon the rocks. She indulges in some pretty anguish, and asks Edward Smith to save Leverett. He consents if she will promise to marry him.

"Oh, how can I decide in a moment. Give me time," says the maiden. But the boat is still bumping upon the rocks. She gives Smith her promise and he saves his rival. The two men fight and Leverett throws Smith over the cliffs and believes that he has killed him. From this tragic situation Mr. Gillette takes you, without any preparation, and, as I said before, tickles you.

Merriam, the lawyer, comes upon the scene, draws Smith up alive and kicks him from the cliff and allows him to believe that he has nearly done for Leverett, while he has sent that gentleman off to the Sheriff to give himself up for having killed Smith.

Merriam then proceeds to satisfactorily establish the parentage of Edith Gray, and unsuccessfully tries to win her himself. Everything ends happily, and the hero and heroine get married.

One of the worst things in the play is the scene between Capt. Smith and Edith, when she tells him that his son Edward has been killed. As the audience has already been harrowed up for a moment in the belief that the young man was dead, and then farcically shown that he was alive, this return to the pathetic side of the question is in dire bad taste.

Sidney Drew did some capital work as Merriam; the lawyer; in fact, his acting was a revelation, though Mr. Drew was a favorite before. His humor was dry and convincing, his delivery admirable; he was absolutely free from exaggeration. Miss Nina Bonducat was hardly as acceptable. She sang, and in her "wrong" scenes was quite equal to her demands. For the quieter situations, however, Miss Bonducat was very effective.

Mrs. Fanny Denham House played the part of the conventional veteran widow, who has never lived off the stage. The rôle was so tiresome and provoking that it is difficult to acknowledge any merit on the part of Mrs. House. In justice, however, it must be said that she did about as much with it as she could.

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